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## TAKEN.

JULIA H. MAY.

One taken from the glory of the morning,  
 From tender hands whose clinging was so sweet,  
 From budding hopes the vale of life adorning,  
 From joys that fell in ripeness at her feet.

Oh, heart bereft!

One taken from the glory of the morning,  
 The other left.

One taken from the rapture of the doing,  
 From work unfinished and a task grown dear;  
 From life-long plans, from hopes each day renewing,  
 The joy that makes our working blessed here.

Oh, heart bereft!

One taken from the rapture of the doing,  
 The other left.

Left to the task her fingers dropped unfinished,  
 Left to the labors she had loved to take.  
 Lord! Thou didst want my darling; undiminished  
 Keep Thou my loving deeds for her sweet sake,  
 Oh, love bereft!

One taken with her lifelong work unfinished,  
 The other left.

One taken to the glory of the morning,  
 The morning of the new immortal day;  
 To fairer flowers more beautiful adorning,  
 From Death to Life my darling snatched away!  
 Oh heart bereft!

One taken to the glory of the morning,  
 The other left.

Ah! when the journey of my life is over,  
 The thread of work for me forever cleft,  
 May I run eagerly to meet my lover,  
 And carry finished back the work she left,  
 No more bereft!

One taken, till the work of life is over,  
 The other left.

Louise Michel in her late lectures in the Salle Belleville made a furious onslaught on bull-fighting, or rather bull-baiting, as practised in Paris. A new circus was opened on Sunday near the Bois de Boulogne, where the above mentioned sport is being carried on according to the most approved methods. The bulls are not actually killed but tortured in a variety of ingenious ways by the matador, the law not allowing of their being stabbed in the presence of the public.

Louise Michel, one of whose strong points is love of animals, is trying to stir up the people against this new form of amusement, and ingeniously makes capital of the occasion by always adding, "In old Roman days they said, 'Give the people the circus and bread, that will keep them quiet.' Now, citizens, they do not give us bread, but they offer us a circus!"—a remark which always profoundly touches her Belleville audiences.

A private letter written by Sir Francis Grenfell, British commander-in-chief of Egyptian army, says that the British officers had relieved twelve hundred starving Dervishes, five sailing boats having been sent up the Nile with food and medical comforts for the purpose. That simple announcement, expressed in the fewest words, will make the English people more proud of their countrymen in Egypt than half a dozen successful battles.

## A SEPTEMBER FLOWER.

ELLA G. IVES.

O Goldenrod, bright Goldenrod!  
 A smile from out the heart of God,  
 To light up Mother Earth's worn face  
 With touches of celestial grace:  
 Thou rapture of the wayside clod,  
 We sing thy praise, dear Goldenrod!

O Goldenrod, brave Goldenrod!  
 A thought from out the mind of God,  
 On nature's book, with wondrous art,  
 Enshrined within a weed's plain heart:  
 Thou poem traced upon the sod,  
 We sing thy praise, dear Goldenrod!

O Goldenrod, bright Goldenrod!  
 A purpose from the will of God,  
 To kindle faith in hearts forlorn,  
 To sing of resurrection morn:  
 Thou shining footprint of our God,  
 We chant thy praise, dear Goldenrod!

—*Journal of Education.*

—Mrs. Severn gives us some amusing glimpses of Carlyle, who in his early days was wont to stay at the house of her great aunt, Mrs. Church, in Dumfriesshire. On one occasion while there he went to the little Cummertrees Church, where the then minister (as a joke sometimes called "Daft Davie Gillespie") was preaching a sermon on "Youth and beauty being laid in the grave," when something amused Carlyle, and he was seen to smile; upon which the preacher stopped suddenly, looked with a frown at Carlyle, and said, "Mistake me not, young man—it is youth alone that you possess." This was told to the narrator by an old cousin of hers who was sitting next Carlyle at the time.

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